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WELL-LOVED TALES' The Sly Fox ADYBIRD FREADING'

This is another well-loved tale which younger children will enjoy having read to them. Those children who need extra reading practice will be encouraged by the clear type, relatively simple text and full-colour illustrations.



Series 606D A Ladybird Book

well-loved tales'
The
Sly Fox

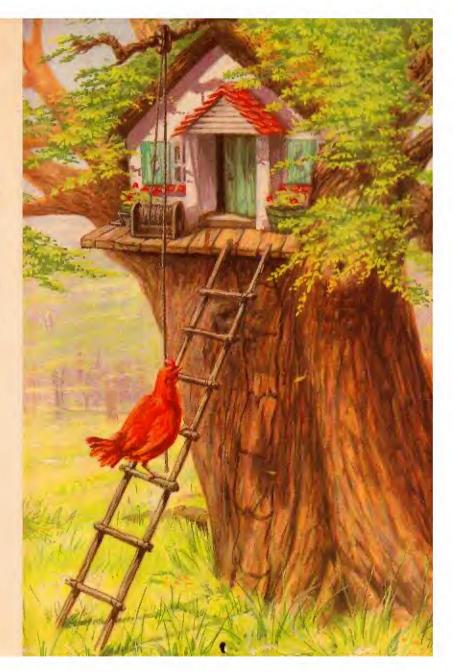
and the Little Red Hen
A LADYBIRD 'EASY-READING' BOOK

retold by VERA SOUTHGATE, M.A., B.Com. with illustrations by ROBERT LUMLEY

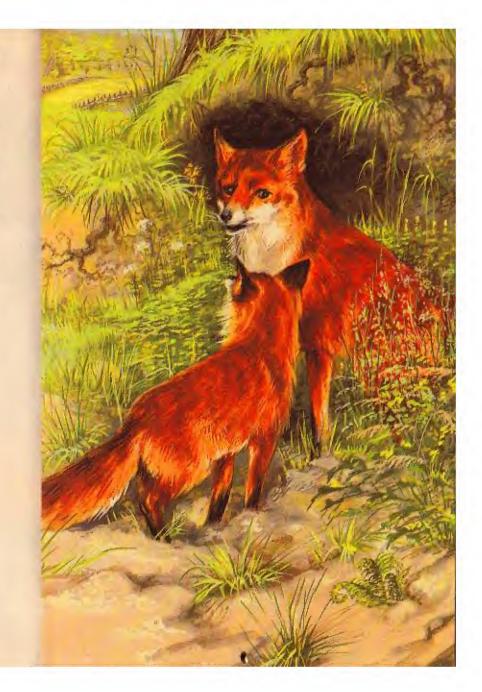


Publishers: Ladybird Books Ltd. Loughborough © Ladybird Books Ltd (formerly Wills & Hepworth Ltd) 1968 Printed in England The Sly Fox and the Little Red Hen

Once upon a time there was a little red hen. She lived all by herself, in a little house in the woods.



Near the little red hen, there lived a sly young fox. He did not live by himself. He lived with his mother, in a den.



The sly young fox wanted to eat the little red hen for his dinner.

He made all sorts of plans to catch her. He tried many, many times to catch her.



But she was a wise little hen.

Not one of the sly fox's plans
worked. He grew quite thin, trying
to catch the little red hen.



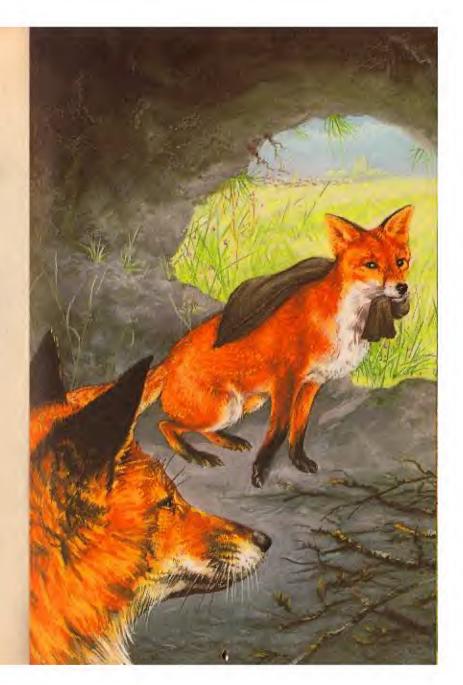
One day the sly young fox said to his mother, "To-day I will catch the little red hen. I have made the best plan of all."

He picked up a bag and slung it over his back.



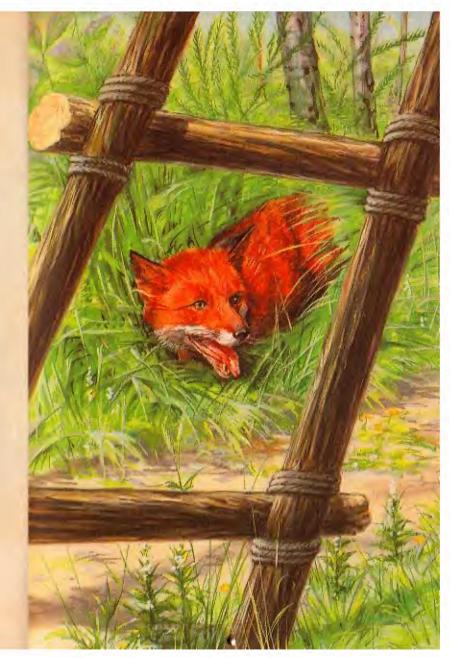
"I shall put the little red hen in this bag," he said to his mother as he went out.

"Put a pot of water on the fire, to boil," he went on. "We shall have the little red hen for our dinner."



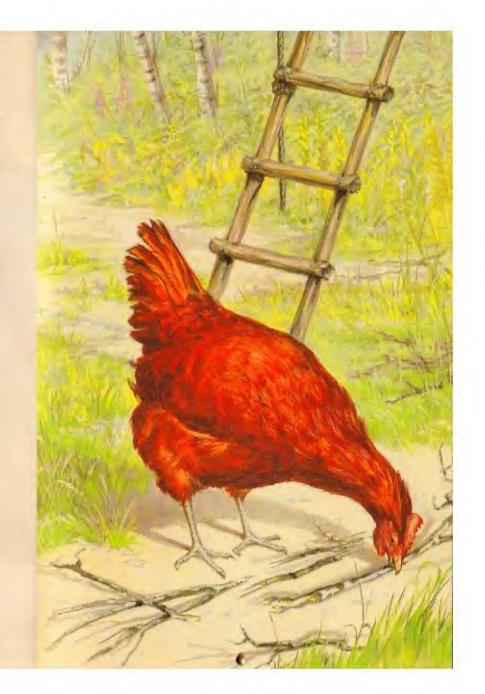
Then the sly young fox crept up to the little red hen's house.

He hid himself by the side of the house and waited.



Soon the little red hen came out of her little house. She did not see the sly young fox.

She began to pick up sticks for her fire.



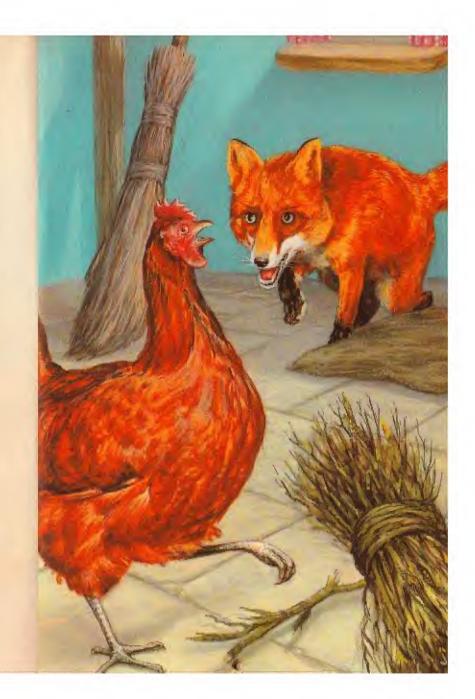
The little red hen had left the door of the house open.

When her back was turned, the sly young fox crept inside the house.

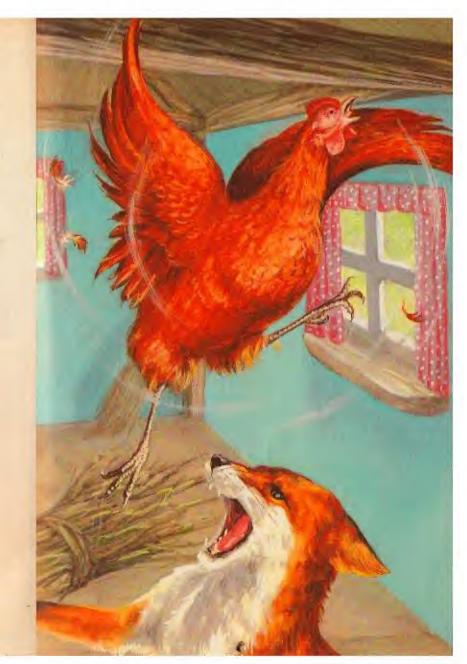


The sly fox hid behind the door.

The little red hen carried her wood into the house. She shut the door. Then she saw the sly young fox.



Poor little red hen was very frightened. She dropped her wood. Then, before the fox could move, she flew up to a high beam.



Up on the high beam, the little red hen felt safe. She knew that the sly young fox could not get up there.

"Ha-ha! You can't catch me,
Mr. Fox," she said. "You had
better go home."



"Oh! So I can't catch you!" said the sly young fox. "We'll soon see about that."

Then the sly young fox began to chase his tail.



The little red hen looked down from her beam and watched him.

Round and round went the sly young fox, round and round with-out stopping.

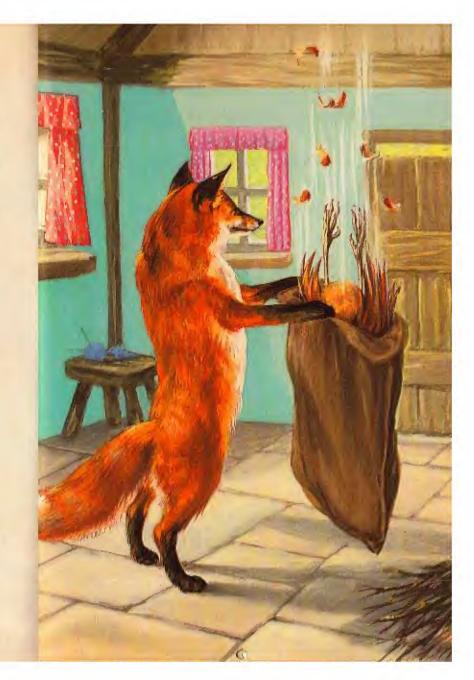


Soon the little red hen's head began to go round and round, round and round.

She became so dizzy that she fell down from the high beam.

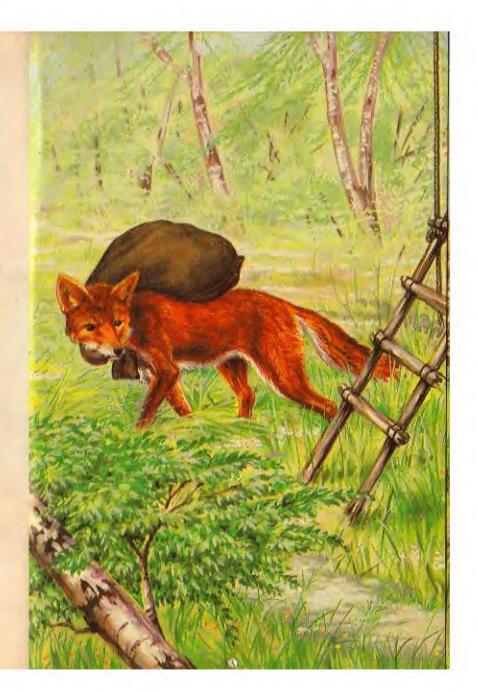


"Ha-ha!" said the sly young fox, as the little red hen dropped into his bag. "Who said I could not catch you?"

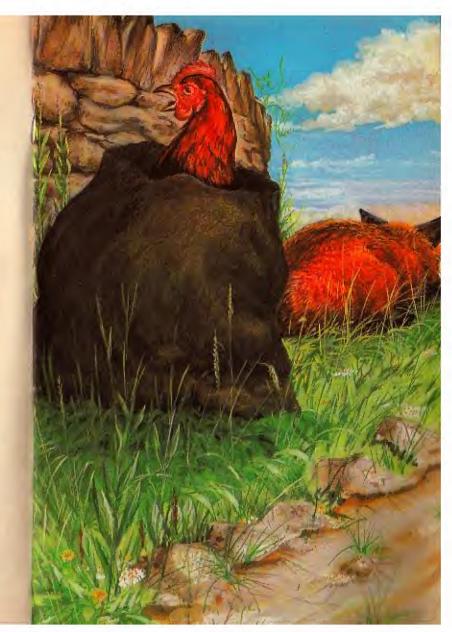


The sly young fox slung his bag over his back and set off for his den.

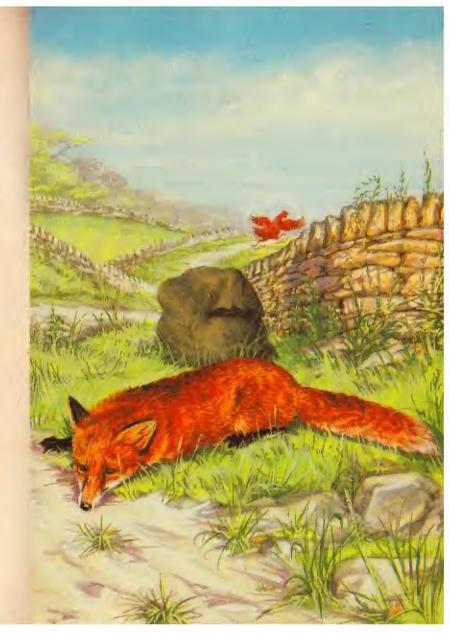
On the way, the fox sat down for a rest. It was a hot day and soon he fell asleep.



When the fox was asleep, the little red hen popped her head out of the bag. Then she crept quietly out.

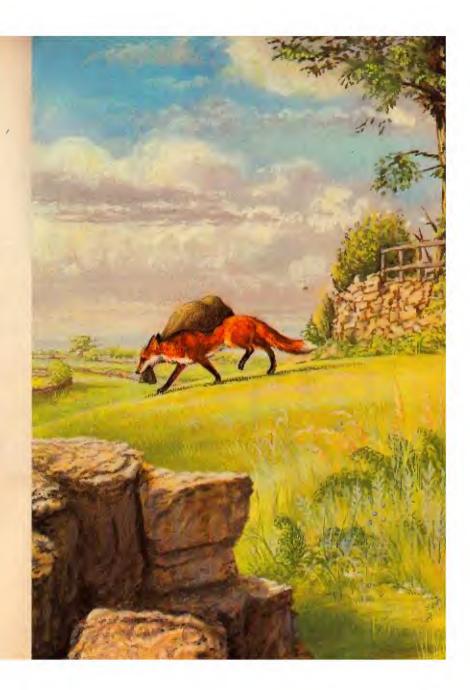


The little red hen then picked up some big stones. She put the stones into the bag. Then back home she ran.



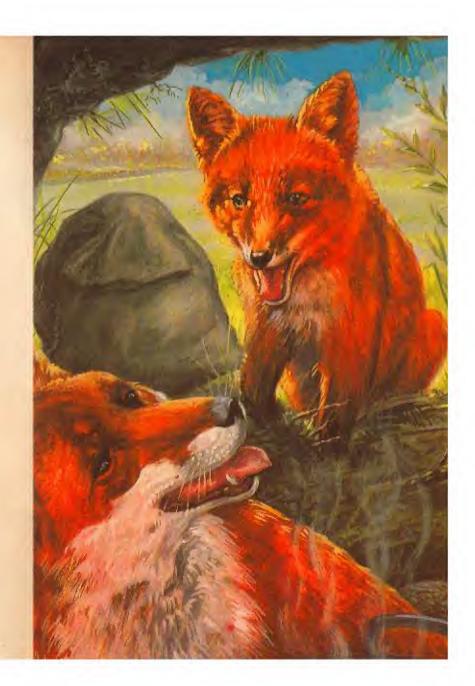
When the sly young fox awoke, he did not know what had happened.

He picked up his bag and set off for his den. "Dear me!" he said to himself, "this bag is becoming heavier."



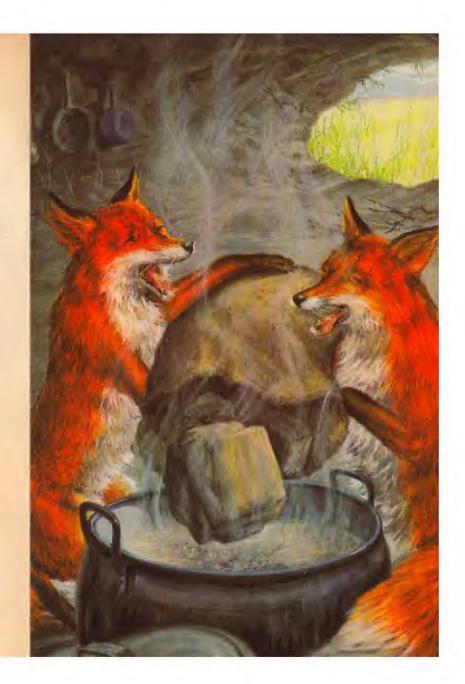
As the sly young fox came to his den, he shouted to his mother, "I've got the little red hen, at last! Is the water boiling?"

"Yes, my son," said his mother.



Then the sly young fox opened the bag, over the pot of boiling water.

The big stones fell into the water with a very big splash.



The boiling water splashed all over the sly young fox and his mother.

They were both killed at once.



Then the little red hen lived happily ever after, in her little house in the woods.

